# THE SKY LINE SPRUCE

by EDISON MARSHALL

(Continued From Our Last Issue) | This was her chance; Ben still lay "Your gun is empty, Beatrice," he asleep told her quietly. He heard her sob, and he smiled a little, reassuringly. her life to the doubtful mercy of "Never mind-and pray for a good the river, voyage," he advised. "We're going through."

The craft and its occupants were son reached the river bank with his

The face before him was drawn and white; but there was no time

anywhere-up or down this river?" Ben's quick eye saw a break in the matter. Has Beatrice-"

"Yes. Here's his letter."

don't lose a minute. Put your things | yawned in the face of the cliff.

the two claim-jumpers had not yet they carried the supplies to the only things we lack." learned all the day's ill news. Half- cave way to the mouth of the stream they

made the trip to Bradleyburg and largest heap of red coals burned and running over with hickory nuts. back in the few days he had been down to gray ashes.

"What in the devil you coming beyond the glowing roals. back for?" Ray shouted, when

Chan's identity became certain. "Because the claim's recorded, edge of the little glade. he wrote a letter to an official in The man's eyes strained into the Bradleyburg and in ft was a de- gloom. scription of the claim. Whatever out because the old man had been may be-" too sick to make the trip-the reorder got special permission from of Fenris.

you?" he asked Nellson.

"It means we've lost!" The eyes before him narrowed and to follow. gleamed, "So that's what it means! got to take these supplies and these lunged into sight with incredible If he had been a squirrel or chip-

Ren got a letter from Ezra leaving the end. the claim to him?

"You mean we've got to find him?" "We've got to; that's all."

know. "What is it?" he asked.

last names now-l've made an im-

"It's as happy as it can be, under the circumstances. Ben, I come of a line of frontlersmen-the forest people-and if the woods teach one thing it is to make the best of any

bad situation." As she talked she was slowly unwrapping the little parcel she had brought. Presently she held it out to him.

It was just a box of homemade ing all over Woodland where Uncle candy that she had brought for their Wiggily lived in a hollow stump day's plenic. But it was a peace bungalow, with his animal friends Yale club. All dealers two for 15c. offering not to be despised.

CHAPTER XI The Forest Stronghold.

the cance down into the gorge of galow humming a jolly song. Ever the walls of the gorge grew of Happiness inside Nurse Jane. more steep, until the sunlight was cut off and they rode as if in twi-

In mid-afternoon Ben began to think of making his night's camp. In one of the more quiet etretches

cove and a green, tree-clad bank, slanted toward it. A moment later he had caught the brush at the water's edge, stepped off into shallow water, and was drawing the canoe up onto the bank. "We're through for the day," he

said happly, as he helped Beatrice out of the boat. "Til confess I'm

"Here's where you sleep tonight. Beatrice," he informed her. As twilight lowered they sat down to their elmple meal, tea, sweetened with sugar, and vegetables and meat

happily mingled in a stew. Beatrice fell into troubled sleep. but wakened when the first ribbon of light stretched along the eastern borizon. She sat up, laying the Clankets back with infinite care, crack when they come to see us on

Just to steal down to the water's

edge, push off the cance, and trust

She could discern the black shalow of the cance. She stepped

But at that instant a subdued note out of sight by the time Jeffery Neil- of warning froze her in her tracks. A great, gaunt form raised up from the pile of duffle in the canoe: and his fangs showed ivory white He made his way fast as he could in the wan light. It was Fenris, and toward the claim. Sensing the old he guarded the cance. He crouched, man's distress. Ray straightened ready to spring if she draw near. The girl sobbed once, then stole back to her blankets.

After breakfast they took to the for questions. Hard hands seized river, yielding themselves once more to the whims of the current. "Ray, do you know of a cance; Shortly before the noon hour!

"No! There isn't one that you heavy brushwood that lined the could even dream about shooting bank and quickly paddled toward it. those rapids in. Tell me what's the in a moment more he pushed the "Beatrice has gone down, that's bank,

They crossed a low ridge, follow-"You don't mean she's run ing down another of the thousand Wiggliy. "The best place to get ifying sense of preparedness against Schaffner Co. Opp. P. O. on Jeff. creeks that water the northern them is at the home of Johnnie and winter's storms will fully justify the blvd. "Don't be a fool. The prospector lands, In a moment it led them to a Billie Bushytall, the squirrels. They investment. For a trial order call I told you about-Darby-was the long, narrow lake, blue as a sap- are great nut gatherers."

in front, drew up with a gasp. She stood at the edge of a little til he came to the squirrel tree. found out-about the murder?" he glade, perhaps thirty yards across. "Good afternoon, Uncle Wiggily! taying at the base of the cliff. The chattered Mrs. Bushytail, the equircreek flowed through it, the grass rel lady, when Uncle Wiggliy had Ray read the letter carefully, was green and rich, beloved by the knocked on the door with the end crumpling it at last in savage wrath. antiered herds that came to graze, of his red, white and blue striped "He can't do much if the claim's the tall spruce shaded it on three theumatism crutch. "If you have all that wish to attend will kindly sides. But it was not these things come to see any of the children they call Main 3584 or Lincoln 8496. "He can make us plenty of that caught the girl's eye. Just at are all out looking in the Christmas trouble. If you want the girl, Ray- the edge of a glade a dark hole

> "It's home." the man said simply. CHAPTER XII A Strange Comradeship.

Tired from the hard tramp, yet year," answered Mrs. Bushytall. At the first sight of him, they they began to prepare for the night, is more than filled." The silence dropped about them. was not to be credited that he had settling slowly; and all except the of the hollow tree that was brimful

The brush cracked and rustled just | nuts

that's why. Before old Hiram died "What is it?" Beatrice whispered.

'Il don't know. It may be just a formalities was necessary was cut moose, or maybe a caribou. But it

His eye fell to the croaching form

Ben leaped to reach his gun. "At him, Fenris!" he shouted. The wolf leaped forward like a thrown spear-almost too fast for the eye

Thereafter there was only a great to you! Well, I don't look at it just confusion, event piled upon event that way. It means to me that we've with incredible rapidity. A grizzly crack them, Uncle Wiggily began.

Immediately the wolf sprang, "Of course wo've got to rescue ready to wage this unequal battle to the death. But his brave fight was "Rescuing Beatrice isn't all of it tragically hopeless. Yet by the law now, by a long shot. Didn't old Hi- of his wild heart he could not turn ram leave a will, giving this claim and flee. His master had given his to his brother Ezra? And hasn't this orders, and he must obey them to

> The bear paused one instant; then lunged forth again.

But the breath in which the wolf had stayed the charge had given Ben his arm he had projected the single Beatrice Neilson was a mountain | rifle shell into the chamber of the girl, with the strong thews of Jael, weapon. The stock snapped to his vet she hid her face as the cance shoulder; and his keen, glittering

The wolf crouched on the heap of His finger pressed back steadily supplies fearful to the depths of his against the trigger. The slightest wild heart of this mighty stream, flinching, the smallest motion might yet still putting his faith in his mas- yet throw off his aim. The rine

of Beatrice, in the bow of the cance, agony , nothing more; yet in that caught Ben's eye. She had leaned final convulsion he could rip into the supplies. She difted into her posed him. Ben dropped the empty ands a paper parcel, the same she rifle and selzed the axe that leaned good crack. ad brought from her cabin early against a log of spruce beside the

Just in time Ben sprang aside ut of the reach of those terrible "Ben-I called you that yesterday forearms; and his axe swung might-

Ben's powers increased, rather than lessened. Ever he swung his "I hope it's a happy one," he terrible axe with greater power. (Continued in Our Next Issue)

#### Uncle Wiggily

UNCLE WIGGILY'S CHRISTMAS

The Spirit of Happiness was singall about him. Indeed the Spirit of Happiness seemed inside Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, for the muskrat lady When the swirling waters carried housekeeper hopped about the bun-

the Yuga both Ben and Beatrice "Only a few days more to Christwere instinctively awed and stilled. mas Uncle Wiggliy!" sang the Spirit

"That's right!" cried the rabbit gentleman with a funny little twinkle of his pink nose. "Have we everything we need to celebrate Christmas with?" he asked. Nurse Jane thought for a mo-

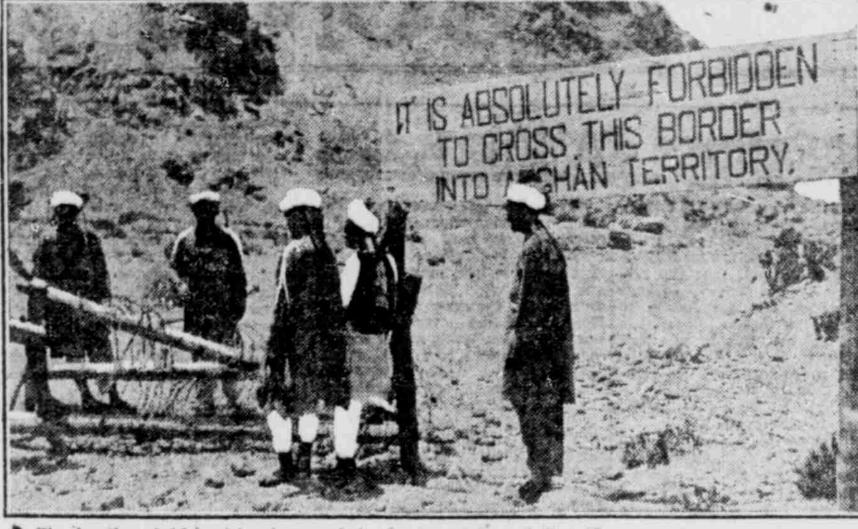
ment, and began counting knots that "My goodness me sakes allve!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, "Why

'Why not?" asked Nurse Jene, which is a sort of a joke. "I tled! the knots in my tall," went on Miss for Christmas and to remember the

things we need to get." Then she

ooked hard at a place in her tail "Oh, we need Christmas nuts, Uncle Wiggily. That's what I was trying to think of-Christmas nuts. spots of dandruff and itching. Next You brought the tree, the holly, the morning shampoo with Cuticura candy and we have our stockings. Soap and het water. All we need are some nuts for some of the animal boys and girle to

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The frontier of Afghanistan is one of the danger points in India. Here it is shown, guarded by loyal Sapoy troops and marked by a great sign. These loyal Sepoys have been able to keep the peace among the many independent tribes of northwestern India.

canoe into the mud of the creek Christmas morning after Santa Claus

And all at once Beatrice, walking twinkle, Uncle Wigglly hopped over Cement, Face Brick and General Shoppe, 424 N. Main St. adv-354-356 the fields and through the woods un- | Mason Supplies.

lows of the ten and eleven cer store," said Mrs. Bushytail.

children, though I love them." answered Mr. Longears. "I came to Ben and Beatrice went together see if I could get some Christmas down toward the settlements. But back to the cance, and in two trips nuts. Nurse Jane says they are the "Yes, we have plenty of nuts this

> sustained by a vague excitement "Johnnie and Billie gathered a great neither of them could name or trace, number of them. See, our store house She showed Uncle Wiggliy part

> chestnuts, butternuts and black wel-"Take as many as you wish, Uncle Some huge wilderness creature Wiggily," invited Mrs. Bushytall, was venturing toward them, at the and she gave the bunny gentleman a birch bark basket filled with all

> > sorts of nuts for Christmas.

Uncle Wiggily thanked the squirrel lady politely and then he started back over the fields and through the woods to his hollow stump bungalow. But the bunny had not gone very far before he began to feel hungry. having come away early that day with only a light breakfast.

"I think I'll stop and eat a few nuts," thought Uncle Wiggily. "I munk he could have gnawed the shells off the nuts with his teeth, as Johnnie and Billie Bushytail did. But, being a rabbit, his teeth were not made for such hard gnawing. Uncle Wiggily cracked a few nuts between the stones, and was eating the meats, when, all of a sudden,

tiong came the Fuzzy Fox. "Ah, ha!" growled the Fox, "I am ust in time to nibble your ears. "Oh, please don't nibble my ears now!" begged the bunny.

"Yes, I shall!" barked the Fox. "Well, if you will I can't stop ou!" sighed Uncle Wigglly. "But

"Yes," answered the fox, "I will." "Then you hold the nut on the stone, in your paws, while I rack t," went on Uncle Wiggily. The Fox held a nut between his paws on the big flat stone. Uncle Wiggily raised the round, hammer stone and then, all of a quicknes a Uncle Wigforward and was reaching among shreds the powerful form that op- gily banged the stone hand down on the paws of the Fox, giving them a

> "Oh, wouch! Oh! ouch! Oh. smouth!" howled the Fox. "you ade a mistake; you hit my naw: nstead of the nut."

> "Oh no," said Uncle Wiggily slyy, as the Fox ran away. "I didn't make any mistake. I intended, all the while to smash your paws. And I did." Then with the Fox away Uncle Wiggily gathered up the Christmas nuts and hurried with them to his bungalow, safe and

> And if the little dog doesn't wag his tail so hard that he knocks all he dust off the chair to the floor for the broom to gather up, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wigglly's

secret society, but after a famous Advt .- 292-tf.



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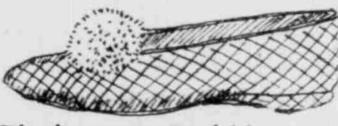




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